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Wawona

An Indian Story of the Northwest

By

Ella Sterling Mighels

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WAWONA

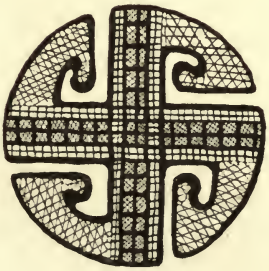
An Indian Story of the Northwest

BY

ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

Author of

"The Full Glory of Diantha," "Literary California,"
"The Story of the Files," Etc.



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TO MRS. EDWIN MARKHAM

My Sister-in-California, who understands the story of Wawona, with a heart full of sympathy.

487016

Mt. Shasta from a water color sketch showing sunset clouds. It was from the base of this mountain that Wawona began her journey to the North

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This is merely a fragmentary sketch-map to give an idea of where Wawona lived and had her being. It was in June, 1892, when the steamship "Mexico" stopped at Loring that Redcap and I had the great pleasure and honor of meeting "Little-Old-Six-Mothers."

WAWONA

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE STARS.

(What? there is a glorious sunset outside? and I must come and see it? and tell you all a story about the old times? Wait a moment till I roll up my patch-work. But you all will be getting tired of Grandmother's stories—oh yes—there is a new cousin among you today! What is that? You love the old stories better than any of the new ones? Very well, I am ready, and it gives me great happiness to know that you are so fond of hearing about Wawona the Wise and her great Masterpiece. What a splendid sunset indeed! To think there are some poor children and young folks who have to live in great cities where the houses tower like frowning walls keeping the sun away and rarely do they see the moon and the stars, and live with them not at all.

Nor have they ever beheld anything so sumptuous as our grand old Shasta Mountain, in his Indian blanket of white wrapped about him and

like some splendid white-haired chieftain sitting against the sky with all the world at his feet. Now, what will you have, young folks? What? begin in the beginning? Oh, little new cousin will have to stay some time if he is to hear the whole tale of our beautiful land of California. For it is a long story about the Indians, and then the Spanish Mission Builders and then to tell all about the coming of the Columbians and last of all about the Yellow Race. What is that? You only want me to tell about Wawona this time from the time she was a baby till I met her in Alaska and about what she said of the flag—our flag of the U. S. A.—and of her mighty influence?

Very well then, I will skip everything else and tell you only about her. Are you ready?)

This is a new country out here facing the glorious West. Everywhere it was once all salt sea with a few island-peaks thrust from the water. But the land pushed up and up with great earthquake shocks just as if they were growing-pains—and at last the Sierra Mountain Range arose—and then the Coast Range and green things began to grow and the land became fair and beautiful. After thousands of years the Great Spirit saw that it was ready for man, and he brought a family across the waters from Manitou-land in a little canoe and gave them the beautiful new world for their own. And the little family grew until there were grandmothers

and grandfathers and parents and youths and children in plenty to roam over the country until at last they had to come together and arrange themselves in tribes, and agree to stay, each one in his own domain, just as if we should say, "Keep in your own back-yard."

After this had gone on about a thousand years or so, let us say (though it was longer), there was a little baby born—a little girl—and the old chief, the grandfather, who had been expecting his first grandchild would be a boy who should one day be a mighty chief like himself, was very scornful and he went off by himself and sulked all day.

When he returned at night, he saw a very bright campfire blazing, and there was splendid music by the drum, and singing and dancing and feasting. He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears and came into the midst of the merry-making with such a frown that it was like a thunder-cloud hanging over his brows.

"What—for—drum?" he asked, briefly.

But the drummer kept bravely on and the dancers also and the women still sang their weird songs of rejoicing. He saw there on a heap of the handsomest bear skins and panther skins and Indian blankets, a mahala sitting, that is to say, an Indian woman, and in her arms was a little babe held closely to her heart, and beside her stood his son in all his war-paint with bow and arrow and quiver

as if ready for a great expedition. In the midst of them all was the medicine-man or shaman, the prophet of the tribe, arrayed in his best blanket with a dance-hat on his head, shaped with buffalo horns, that gave him a wonderful appearance. And he was dancing as if his life depended upon it. As he was under a spell of some kind, there was no use for the old chief to ask any more questions until the Prophet's strength gave out and he should fall exhausted upon the ground. But when this came to pass, another old Indian sprang into the ring and took it up where the other one had left off and went on with the dance of mystery. It was the hour of dawn at last when the strange performance came to an end.

"What—for—drum?" repeated the old chief, patiently, believing that something great must have occurred in his absence.

The wrinkled medicine-man having recovered his breath by this time made answer, "Baby—she goin' to be very smart mahala! Live long time—travel many tribes—know plenty things—be very good, be very wise, teach six generations! written in the stars!" and he pointed to the Great Dipper and to the Pleiades.

The old chief was very angry. His eye glittered.

"No," he said, "very bad for my tribe to have a mahala like that! She stay here I kill um."

The old shaman tried to explain to him that the

child was a gift from Manitou to preserve the tribe—that it was written in the clouds and in running water that as long as this babe lived her tribe would be remembered and glorified.

"Old men for council, young men for war, but that not enough," expostulated the weather-beaten prophet, *"we must have wise grandmother*—she live six generations—she tell the story—she keep history warm. This one goin' to be very wonderful, she tell all them generations all about you—her grandfather."

Whether it was because he was cross and sleepy that not even this compliment reached him, or just because it was Fate itself, no one can tell—but he only said, "Ugh," in his most scornful tone. And he repeated his threat, "She stay I kill um."

The poor mahala, the mother of the babe, sitting on the blanket heard these words, and drew the infant closer still to her heart. Her husband, the chief's son, the father of the baby girl, drew down his brows and all expectation passed from him.

"She is to be called Wawona, the Wise," said the medicine-man.

Slowly the fire had died down, the drum had ceased its delightful measure, the bone castanets and the voices were heard no more. Only the father and the mother of the babe were left here by the dying fire. But presently came the grandmother of the babe leading a scrubby pony and the father

made ready for flight. Meanwhile the poor mahala was saying good-bye to her mother who bade her remember all she had taught her about the weaving of baskets and tanning of skins and secrets of dyeing and *all about the stars*—and to remember to pray to Manitou, as she had taught her, with her face to the East. Upon her finger she placed a silver ring, shaped of a serpent biting its own tail, and the daughter understood. It meant through life and death the mother would never forget her.

Now the young chief meant to return to his father, the chief of the tribe, when he had placed his wife and child with some friendly Indians he knew—but strangely enough, he was captured by a strange tribe and carried off to the North into Oregon. For the sake of his wife and child, little Wawona's father agreed to become one of them and to teach them the arts of war and the chase, every day hoping that some way he could make his escape. Now all these things did Wawona's mother tell her from her childhood up, so that she never forgot her grandfather, the old chief, by whose wickedness all this had come to pass.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SHASTA TO TACOMA.

Many gorgeous, white-robed mountains were in this new territory to which they had come. And while her father was hunting and fishing and fighting and her mother weaving and dyeing, little Wawona was trying to understand things. "Always be faithful to your tribe," her mother had taught her, and often she would go off into the secret places among the fern and sit and think, repeating over to herself the tales her mother had told her till they became fixed in her mind as if they had been tattooed there with blue ink. Or else she would be following the old medicine-man who was the prophet or preacher of his tribe, learning wise things from him.

Often he would tell her about a strange race of men who had no women among them, who would some day appear from the land of the Rising Sun. He would describe their pale ghastly faces as if they were ghosts of the world of shadows. He told her that they would have strange animals with them with red skins, and with horns, and they would draw small wigwams after them from place

to place. Also that these men or strange beings would have marvelous powers, for they could send forth lightning from the sticks in their hands and put to death at their will. But more weird than all else he assured her was the fact that these ghastly faces would bring with them peculiar shaped shells which had no nut inside, but instead were filled with a liquid like water-on-fire from which they drank to make themselves brave. But if any other than a Paleface partook of this drink, he instantly became enchanted and turned into a wild beast.

"Then they must be devils?" said little Wawona, trying to understand all this strange story.

"Maybe," said the old prophet or preacher, with a weird gleam in his eye, as if seeing far away. "Race may come and race may go—but the Red Race now have the land. Then White Race will eat up Red Men—but Yellow Race eat up the White Devil. It is written in the stars."

This troubled little Wawona very much. She thought about it for many days, and then came to the old man to ask if something could not be done to save the Red Man from being eaten up by the White Race when it came upon them.

"Only one thing," muttered the Shaman, the wise man of his tribe. "Him keep away from fire-water he be all right."

So little Wawona laid this away in her heart, as you shall see later on.

As the years went on, she had two little brothers come to give her great happiness, and she cared for them while her mother was busy with the needs of the campoodie.

Sometimes she beheld her sitting over the basket-weaving, of the skins to make them tan and be soft, and there would be a far-away look in her soft black eyes that made it seem she saw some invisible spirit there before her.

"Mother, what are you thinking about?" she would ask, and would always receive this reply, "Child, I am thinking of your grandmother."

And she would tell how this grandmother had brought to them the pony to aid in their escape, though she herself had to remain behind with the old chief's tribe, and how she never expected to behold her mother again, but how her wisdom remained with her still.

Wawona would listen full of strange joy in hearing all these things and then she would say proudly, "Some day I shall be telling these things to my own little grandchildren."

CHAPTER III.

FROM TACOMA TO ALASKA.

One day about a year after this it was, that a strange thing happened when Wawona was out on the hillside picking blackberries, which she was gathering in deep, narrow baskets made of braided tules.

It seemed to her she heard a voice, and it was not much wonder she should be startled to notice that the words were familiar to her, though they were not of the tribe to which they now belonged. She listened and found that there was someone under the blackberry bush, who was speaking the same words that her father and mother spoke to her in secrecy so that she should know the language of their own tribe.

Quickly she made reply, "Who are you with my mother's voice and speech?"

Looking underneath she saw hid away from sight a woman with head wrapped up and all concealed under a blanket—all but her eyes. Again she made utterance, and Wawona used to say it was the sweetest voice she had ever heard in all the world, for the love that was in it.

"Thou art Wawona, the daughter of my daughter?"

"Verily," she responded, "and you are my dearly beloved grandmother."

She soon brought her mother to the spot, and there beheld the sweetest reunion of two souls she was ever permitted to witness, though her life was full of strange meetings. The old chief had relented at last and desired the return of his son to help him in battle. He had sent the old grandmother to deliver his message, for she was the only one who dared to enter the hostile camp of another tribe for his purpose, though brave young chiefs were in readiness on the other side of the mountain to help them at the needed moment of escape. But how was all this to be done? Who was the old chief that he should think he could blow hot and blow cold at his own will and then have his way when it pleased him? Manitou had heard his foolish speech and he would have to bear the consequences.

Wawona brought her father to the blackberry bush when it was dark and there they planned how it all was to be done. Wawona's mother was to set forth with the two little boys that very night and the grandmother was to take her place in the campoodie. Two days later the father of Wawona with the grandmother and herself were to follow. The old chief would be near at hand with his

bravest young men in readiness awaiting their approach, but first he wanted the two little boys safely in their midst before approaching any nearer.

At the thought of being with his own tribe once more, Wawona saw her father smile for the first time. Then it was she knew how much he must have suffered to be away from it for so many years, and how much he must have cared for her to have remained for their sakes instead of escaping as he might have done by himself.

The old chief had sent a message of welcome to Wawona herself, and said she should be wed to the bravest of all his chieftains.

She never forgot the farewell between her mother and grandmother. They looked into each other's eyes a long time. Then Wawona's mother took off the silver ring from her hand and placed it once more upon the hand of the grandmother.

And Wawona understood.

"To all eternity the love of mother and daughter should endure."

The reason she never forgot this was that Wawona never saw her own mother again.

That very next day there came a fierce tribe from the North again, which fell upon them all, and in the midst of the terrible slaughter she and her grandmother were carried off as captives. She always hoped her father had escaped to his own tribe, as they had planned, but she never knew.

As her grandmother had great skill and wisdom in dyeing and weaving and Wawona was also gifted in these things, they were well treated and set to work to show the women of the new tribe how to do these arts. It was while with these people that she saw the most wonderful sight in her life. She heard a great commotion and beating of war-drums and voices crying, "It is the Palefaces!" As the other of the women ran and hid, she drew her blanket well up about her head and peeped forth from the brush where she was concealed.

They were beings clad in fringed buckskin and they had fair hair and eyes like the blue of the skies. But strangest of all there was an Indian woman with them with a babe on her back, and she was their interpreter. She was showing them the way to the Great Blue Water of the Pacific, and assured the chief all they wanted was to be able to return in safety to the Land of the Sunrise, when once they had beheld the great water, as it was in obedience to a vow to Manitou which had brought them into the Land of the Sunset.

Leaving bells and little mirrors and beads as blue as the eyes of the Palefaces themselves, they went upon their way, but a hundred years later the white men set up a statue to the Indian woman with the babe on her back for the help she had given these explorers of this early time.

Many favors were granted to the wise old grandmother because of her skill. But this favoring of strangers from a conquered tribe did not meet the approval of the old chief's wife, and she persuaded him to exchange them both for some ponies and skins to another tribe still to the North and they were the Seattles. Again they proved themselves most useful by their gifts of skill and industry. Wawona's grandmother still taught the young maiden that she was to be of great consequence in the world and to be the teacher of six generations. She bade her to remember everything that had happened and never to forget about her grandfather. And to fix it in her mind she placed upon her hand the celebrated ring that now had been worn by three generations. And to pass the hours, the grandmother told her the origin of the ring and how it had come to her. But I must go on.

The Seattles went yearly to the seashore and for the first time Wawona gazed upon the great water. The sea was covered with canoes, and presently there was a terrible conflict between the Seattles and the tribe from the colder shores of the North; and thus it came that Wawona was torn from her grandmother's side and taken to an island on the great Inland Sea in a canoe by one of the fierce Red Men of the tribe and brought before the great chief and asked many questions. The tears rained down her cheeks as she begged to be allowed to

find her grandmother, her only relative left, but it was all in vain her eye roved over each form as they all were brought before her. One man ventured to speak to the chief in his own tongue and assured him that the girl standing there before him was a gift from Manitou and a treasure to any tribe that possessed her.

The old chief was so pleased that he decided to keep her for a bride for his own son, whom he had left behind to guard the home possessions—the women and the children. For these were the Thlinkets from the Far North, up in Alaska, on a foray for plunder in the South. Thus went little Wawona as a bride from the Southland to wed a chieftain of the North. Did you ever hear of the marriage of the Princess Evergreen of the Tropics to Prince North Pole of the Eternal Snows?

Well, it was all made up from the story of Wawona of California and Pohomah of Alaska.

(But that is enough for one day, don't you think? I hear mother calling us in for supper—and the sun is almost gone—just a scattering of scarlet and gold over gray in the skies to show the splendid path he took going down to his night palace.

What does little cousin say? Oh, he wants to know what happened next. Well, after supper I'll tell you how she met Pohomah, when we are gathered around the great fire-place.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEDDING OF WAWONA AND POHOMAH.

(Are you all ready? What a fine blaze of logs! And how lucky we all are to be here in this great big room, with skins and furs to lie on, and with plenty to eat and time to listen to stories. Some poor children in the great cities have to work all day and part of the night till they drop in their tracks—pitiful little creatures that they are. What's that? Have they got grandmothers who know beautiful stories? Ah, my bunnies, they have! All grandmothers know wonderful tales, but sometimes they have no one who cares to hear these precious things of the past until it is too late—and then how sorry those children are. But that's not the way with my flock—no indeed! And as to Wawona—put on another log—and I'll go ahead.)

The Inland Sea was full of canoes that day when Wawona was to meet the son of the chief. She was arrayed in a splendid new robe all painted and fringed, new moccasins were on her little feet and many strings of beads about her neck.

Coming to meet them from the green shore was a canoe, in which was a young chief of haughty

bearing. On the banks beat drums in welcome, and Wawona glanced at the young chief in sudden fright. What were the years going to bring her? Was her heart strong enough to endure it all? The canoes met and the old chief told his son that he had brought him a bride from the South that was a gift from Manitou and a blessing to any tribe.

Wawona tried to remember her mother's wise words. "Some day you will wed a great chief, but do not forget that you come of proud blood yourself." She tried to hold her head up, though her eyes were cast down. Just one glance she gave him. But it was enough. For one glance of a modest maid is worth more than a dozen of a bold hussy.

The young chief pretended not to see her, for that is etiquette among Red Men, and presently they were all on shore and being surrounded by the very old, the very young and the women of the village. Wawona was glad to be among those of her own kind, and she dearly loved any one of her mother's age, so soon she was friends among them all and soon teaching the new stitch she had of basket-weaving, and pattern for shaping the clay into pipkins. What is a pipkin? Why, it is a sort of crock or jug of primitive make.

They were singing her praises—all but one. And she was jealous and hated Wawona for no cause at all save that she was to wed the young chief

whom she had hoped to marry herself. You must aways reckon on jealousy—it is the one snake that always lifts its head in our midst when least expected and no man can kill it.

There was a great feast and rejoicing over the victory of the Thlinkets over the Seattles, and many fine blankets and baskets and pipkins were distributed among the families of that tribe. Some of these Wawona recognized as the work of her grandmother and herself. And her heart was sore within her and she sat thinking and meditating and wondering why Manitou had not allowed one of her kin to be with her.

"Perhaps it is in the prophecy," she said to herself.

And then all at once she became aware of two fierce eyes gazing into hers—two eyes of a woman who hated her. As the young chief passed her by, he carelessly flung into her lap a little toy canoe he had carved for her, and it was full of garnets that grew in the rocks of that land. Afterwards there was a beautiful spoon, also made by his hand, placed by her side. Only those terrible eyes could Wawona perceive. Next came a fine basket filled with salmon berries as an offering. From the mineral kingdom, then the animal, then the vegetable had the presents been taken to express his regard for her.

There was only one thing left. That was to give

something from the kingdom of Manitou, which was himself.

Wawona could see further than with mere eyes. She had perceived that this woman, whose name was Oonah, had been working over the skin of a snake and she knew there was an arrow being dipped in poison for her by the owner of those terrible eyes, and that it behooved her to do something to protect herself or all those prophecies of her future would be in vain.

She looked at the young chief. He was brave and strong, and he gave her a kind look that made her heart swell within her. He was to be the one to take the place of all her dear ones—the one that Manitou had chosen for her to wed. And maybe they were going to be happy together, and there would be no more wandering from tribe to tribe for her.

She sighed for the joy of it all, but what was to be done about this pair of angry eyes fixed on her like a hungry panther's?

She remembered how her grandmother had told her that a traitor or anyone meditating evil was at heart a coward. Suddenly she rose and ran with all her might at the Thlinket woman and screamed with all the power in her. Oonah lay in fright at her feet. Then Wawona flew at another one but was only met by laughter, and another until she fell

into laughing too, and said it was a game they had down in the South where she came from, and all took it as a great prank, save that guilty one, who shrank from sight and hid herself for many days, though she spread the report that the newcomer was mad.

Meanwhile the old chief had been told of this adventure, but he only gave a grunt and said it was natural for the Indians of the South to be more excitable than those of the North. But he took pleasure in the thought that this same Wawona had brought abundance to every tribe she had been with and felt sure she would do the same for them. So the ceremony soon came off which made Wawona the wife of the young chief, whose name was Pohomah. And prosperity was theirs and all rejoiced save that one—that wicked Oonah. She was still determined to do Wawona harm in some clever way so that no one should find her out in it. But that is always an awful lot of trouble, *for Manitou always knows.*

Before the year was out, Wawona held in her arms a dear little daughter. And every battle between the Thlinkets and other tribes resulted in victory for Pohomah and the old chief, which made them more warlike than ever, and they sought to fight on every occasion, bringing home blankets and trophies, and finally a great totem idol, which

they set up proudly before the campoodie of Pohomah.

Then there was a peace declared between three tribes, and they gave the women of their tribes to marry with the others. Among these was Oonah, and she departed with them to their territory, but her heart was still full of hatred and she beguiled the chief she had wed and persuaded him to treachery. He brought her in his canoe at night and let her go on shore silently.

Wawona was singing a lullaby to her second child, a little boy, her Onoko, when she felt the presence of some one near. She went on singing, but walked softly about, as if she were looking for something she had lost outside her campoodie. There she saw Oonah, who was lying in wait until she should be asleep.

"What is in your heart?" said Wawona. "Know this! I am the child of Manitou, and he has me in his keeping."

Then Oonah began weeping, but it was from fear.

"Let me go," she implored. "I will come no more."

"Do you swear it?" asked Wawona, sternly; for she had no wish to kill her.

"On the sun, and the moon, and the stars," said Oonah, and she crept away.

Did she break her word? Oh, wait; and you shall hear how the evil can plot and plan, even to

the destruction of a whole tribe, to satisfy their wicked hearts. But something comes first—how the women of Thlinkets tried to manage their men, for the furtherance of their own good.

CHAPTER V.

"BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON."

Great good fortune attended the tribe for a long time. As is usual with prosperity, it made them proud and haughty. Pohomah became reckless, and made war when it was not wise, in spite of the protestations of his wife. She had taught the women many ways of doing things that were of great benefit, and as the years went on she was consulted by them all and given much praise. Then the old chief died, and Pohomah felt he must go forth on expeditions to prove himself a worthy chief. But Wawona and the women were tired of so much bloodshed. They dreaded lest the tide of fortune change, and their husbands and sons should be left dead on the field of battle.

"If it was to protect ourselves and our campoodies, there would be some sense in it," they said; "but we have plenty, and no one comes near us. Let well enough alone."

Wawona tried to think what her grandmother had told her: "When men are self-willed, they are like young goats; they must be let run till they are tired."

Something had happened to the women of the Thlinkets that morning when the haughty Pohomah led forth his men to attack a tribe to the east of them. Silent as they often were upon such occasions, this time not one woman spoke a word. Not one lifted up her voice in chants to Manitou to give them victory.

After some days, the men returned, wounded and sorely beaten, and leaving some of their noblest youths dead behind them. Angrily they called for some one to take the weapons and fetch them something to eat. The silence of the grave was on the village. Not one woman came forth, not one voice made answer.

"Wawona," called Pohomah, in great wrath, "bring food."

But no Wawona came. Nor did any of the other chieftains receive more favor. Haughtily, at last, they were compelled to seek for those recreant women and children of theirs. Nothing alive was in those tents. They were deserted. It was very uncomfortable to have to seek for food at such a moment, when they were all worn out, and in bad tempers, any way. But they were savages. They resolved to ignore those women of theirs completely. Never should they be allowed to return to them. It was most unheard of, most uncalled for! such treatment as that by Indian wives to Indian husbands! They went to sleep and swore to obtain new

wives elsewhere. When they waked it was just the same, lonesome and desolate, and no food, no comfort in life.

Then they began to worry. Could some other tribe have come and stolen away their families? They started up, and found the tracks of little moccasins. No; there was nothing but little feet marks, and all toeing the same way, orderly and straightforward. Besides, many useful things were missing that belonged to the women, but nothing that the men owned. What did this mean?

At last they began to look foolish. They had gone forth to war against the wish and will of the women folk, and they had been repulsed with great loss. Now they had returned to a deserted village. The inference was plain—the women were angry. Pohomah sent forth one of his trailers to seek the place where the women were in hiding, and to take them a message saying what was wanted. The next day the man returned with the answer, "We want peace."

So, as they were getting pretty tired by this time of a silent and stupid village that had no voice of women or children in it, and no comforts, and having to do all their own cooking and sewing and caring of the sick and wounded, Pohomah and his chief men arrayed themselves in their finest costumes, like lovers going a-courting, and had the trailer take them to the place he had found.

From afar off they could hear the laughter of the children and the singing of the women. As they approached, it was evident that they were quite happy and comfortable. They had expected to find them dull and dreary as themselves.

There was a hot, smoking dinner spread out just as they appeared at the camp, and the children were running at the call that all was ready. The men felt themselves fiercely hungry as the smell of the feast came to their nostrils. There was a great hollowed-out rock filled with rabbit stew that was most savory, and there were also many kinds of berries and nuts and dried fish in plenty, besides a kind of cake made of acorn meal.

But there stood Wawona giving directions, and each one provided with a spoon was told to find a place at the spread. She pretended not to see the august visitors till the last child was seated. Then she gave a well-feigned start.

"Oh, brave chieftains!" she exclaimed, "have you come in peace or war?"

"Peace," returned Pohomah, in a voice like a mouse, he was so afraid there would be no rabbit soup left for him or his comrades.

"Have you any spoons?" she asked him.

But they had not, of course, which she knew very well—they were in the habit of eating with their fingers—but she was trying to teach them manners, and have them be polite in the presence of their

women folk. From a roll of stuff she produced five spoons, and gave them to the five famishing chiefs who were with Pohomah. He was filled with such a mighty hunger that he could have driven them all away and have taken hold of everything for himself. But there was a way about Wawona that made him await her pleasure. After they had been seated on the skins furnished them by the women who obeyed Wawona's commands, then she turned to him with a wave of her hand.

"Here is your place, O mighty Pohomah!" And he was glad to sit where she commanded. Then she placed something in his hand.

"By the Great Horn Spoon!" he exclaimed; for never before had any one ever seen such a large and beautiful spoon made from a wild goat's horn. It was all carved, and decorated, and polished, so that it shone like sunlight. Then, in a twinkling, the children disappeared, and the women also, and the men were left to dispose of the feast till they were filled up and comfortable.

Then they remarked what a fine place it was the women had chosen for their camp, and decided that they were about right on a good many propositions. As a result of all this, the women were asked to take part in the council, and then and there the men promised not to go to war again against the wishes of the women. Then they asked the women to pack up and return to the old camp. But Wawona

showed them what a natural fortress they had found for the protection of the women and the children, and insisted that all the tribe move to the new place. As this required considerable work, the men were about to grumble and refuse, when Wawona said: "You *would* go to war and you have stirred up a friendly tribe into hatred of us, and they will seek revenge. Now we are going to remain here where we can protect ourselves should you all be absent when they come."

Pohomah objected. "Why, we had no trouble in finding you, and no trouble in getting here."

Sometimes men are very stupid, even chiefs.

Wawona smiled. "Tell them," she said to the trailer, "who showed you the way."

"It was the women themselves," he replied.

"Had we not wanted you here, O mighty ones," she exclaimed, "we would have hurled rocks down upon you!"

"They—pretty—smart," said one of the chiefs, with something like a grin. And the others agreed. So the tribe moved up to the place the women had chosen. And it all came to pass as Wawona had spoken. One day, when the men were off hunting, leaving only the youths and the old men in the camp, the vengeful tribe who had driven them off came prowling around to destroy the place and make off with the women and children as slaves, and to take their treasures as spoils of war.

Wawona, who had become by this time a power in the tribe, always had some one watching as a guard from a high rock, and soon was warned of the approach of the enemy.

At once she had the children hid in a safe hollow behind the rocks, and assigned the duties to the youths and the old men, who sat with bows and arrows ready to pick off the first to pass a certain point. Then the women were ready with the stones to hurl down upon the destroyers of the tribe. So cool and determined were they under her directions that the enemy were astonished when their first men fell by the arrows before they began the ascent of the rocks. But when they were driven back by the showers of stones that fell upon them, they were horrified to find so many of their number slain. In dismay they gave up their fierce intentions, and made a retreat with all the haste they could, meanwhile spreading the news of the wonderful defense put up by the women and children of the Thlinkets, under the direction of the "Gift of Manitou," as they learned to call Wawona.

All this news was carried to the chiefs of all the tribes, and at last it reached the wicked Oonah, who heard it with greater hatred than ever she had felt before toward the wonderful Wawona, who was the child of Manitou.

She was now growing old and ugly, but her heart gave her no peace for the evil that was in it. She

had a young child growing up, now a girl of eleven. And she called her to her side: "There is a great chief," she said to the girl, whose name was Lullikanna, "and his name is Pohomah. You must think about him, and one day you shall go to see him."

And thus she talked to her, day by day.

"When shall I see him?" asked Lullikanna, full of interest.

"On the day of the Potlatch," said Oonah, smiling and showing her teeth like a wolf.

But in the campoodies of the Thlinkets there was a great rejoicing, and they had peace for six years—until the time of the Potlatch.

What is a Potlatch? Why, it is a queer custom indulged in by Alaskan Indians. When one man becomes rich according to the ways of that country, in having accumulated a lot of possessions, he invites everybody to come to a grand party he is going to give, and then and there he gives away everything he owns—all his arrows and bows and spears, all his baskets and blankets and furs and garments—even the idols that he prays to—until, when morning comes, he has not left himself so much as a bite of food to eat or more than a rag to cover himself with.

Why does he give the Potlatch? No one can quite make it out, except it is he thinks that he will find favor with the Great Spirit for his generosity. But, after that, as long as he lives, he must be enter-

tained by all who have received from him for as long as he wants to stay with them—as a sort of poetic justice, I suppose.

CHAPTER VI.

THE POTLATCH.

When the invitation came to Pohomah for him to attend the Potlatch, Wawona laughed at it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "you want to get something for nothing. But you will pay for it dearly in your heart's blood. Sussaquan, the shriveled, is Oonah's uncle, and he has always been sly and deceitful. It is not from generosity he is giving this Potlatch; it is for revenge. He will be coming to live with you for a year and spying out the land to turn traitor against you. No blanket will be worth that."

"Nevertheless, I will go," said Pohomah. "He has a canoe I would like very much."

"Take Onoko with you, then," said Wawona, eagerly; "the boy would like to see something of the world." But it was to take care of his father that she sent him along.

There was a great time going on when they arrived. There were musicians playing on drums without a moment's stopping, and gourds rattling, and bone castanets keeping up their clinking. There were Indians dancing with strange wooden hats on their heads, carved like frog-faces, and there was

plenty to eat and drink for all. Piled up were blankets and spears and horn spoons and skins of bears and foxes. There were trinkets of silver and carvings of strange animals in slate and wood, and there was the particular canoe that Pohomah had coveted, and had tried to bargain for with old toothless Sussaquan years before.

But sitting in the canoe was a brown maiden with silver bracelets on her wrists, and beads about her neck, and a scanty garment of buckskin about her form. Onoko, the boy, began to make merry at this, but Pohomah was so busy at the build of the canoe that he took no notice of the girl, till she said, "Art thou the great Pohomah?"

"Thou shouldst be with thy mother," he said, frowning, for he was a great stickler for etiquette, and would not have allowed his daughter to be at a Potlatch.

But the girl waved a great leaf she used as a fan, and it made the air sickeningly sweet, and cast a spell over Pohomah, but Onoko only laughed, till the girl turned on him angrily and bade him begone.

"Not I," he returned. "I am here to see the world!"

Her brows lowered, and her eyes had a sullen look. "I am the world," she said.

"No," said Onoko, for he had hated her at first sight. "You are only a woman, and a foolish

one at that. Your time is short, I can assure you."

"You will see," she replied, and waved the leaf again, slowly, but with all her arts that had been taught her by her mother, the wicked Oonah, for the previous five years or so.

"What will you have?" cried old Sussaquan. "What will you choose?" And the old man cackled in a high voice, like the chicken tribes in the forest.

"Come away, father," urged Onoko, who felt treachery in the air. But the spell was on Pohomah. He was more determined than ever before to have the canoe. As he placed his hand upon it, old Sussaquan nodded gaily and said: "It is yours. You can take it, old friend."

Onoko had his wits about him, and noticed that the boat, beautiful as it was, had been mended on one side, and tried to show it to his father; but he was thrust to one side and told to be quiet. Pohomah waved for the girl to step from the canoe, as he wished to place it in the water."

But old Sussaquan said: "She goes along to watch over the canoe; she will pour the water over it when it is up on the shore to keep it from checking in the sun's hot rays. There is no one like Lillikanna to guard one's boats—she was reared for this from childhood."

Not till Pohomah agreed to let her go with the canoe did she move from her place. Then she helped push it toward the seashore, while Onoko

stood with arms folded and wondered what had happened to his father that he should be so blind to the evident treachery that was all about him. He himself had noticed that all the blankets were shabby and old, and the baskets of poor stuff; the things exhibited as gifts were none of them in good condition, but rather as if they were gatherings of old junk of no use to any one. In other words, Onoko, being the son of his mother, had discovered for himself that old Sussaquan's Potlatch was a fake affair and not genuine.

Even the others bid to the feast were grumbling under their breath that the things were not worth carrying away. But Pohomah heard nothing, so absorbed was he in the beauty of the coveted canoe, which, once placed upon the tide, carried itself like a bird on the wave, to his great delight. As he called to Onoko to make ready for departure, a woman ran out and caught Lullikanna by the hands and poured forth much entreaty and violent words. Then she ran back behind a tree, and was seen no more. But Pohomah saw none of this.

With proper farewells and invitations to old Sussaquan to visit them, he bade Onoko fasten the beautiful canoe behind their own, which they did, and then they both got into the old one, and the girl followed them in the new one, and made herself seem so small that Pohomah hardly noticed she was there. But she kept waving the fan-leaf all the

while, and it made the air so sickish sweet that Onoko could hardly bear it. But his father took no heed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRASSHOPPER GIRL.

At last they came to their own shore, and Wawona was there, watching with her eyes shaded by her hand, looking far across the water for them.

"What is this?" she cried, in surprise. "Is this some poor lost child you have picked up?" For she was thinking of her own youth at that moment, and how she had come to the tribe of the Thlinkets from the Seattles.

"Nay," said Pohomah; "she comes to serve us by watching over this beautiful canoe of old Sussaquan's, which has fallen to me from the Potlatch. And after a while she can wed Onoko."

"What! Wed Onoko?" repeated Wawona, in alarm. "Is she wise, then, or what, that she can be given away for nothing? My son's wife shall be modest and worthy, even though she may not bring a dowry. Who is she? of what tribe? of what mother?"

And a great fear was on Wawona. For the girl looked at her boldly, without the droop of an eyelash, and she saw that she was brazen.

"Come and look at my canoe?" exclaimed Pohomah. "Is she not light and graceful?"

"Paid in your heart's blood!" said Wawona, in the voice of doom. "You cannot get something for nothing."

"Save thy raven's croaking," returned Pohomah. "I am tired of it. Give me something to eat." And when he had satisfied himself he turned to the girl and asked: "Mahala, can you dance and sing?"

She did not wait to reply, but sprang to her feet, and began clinking her castanets, and taking steps about and singing in a strange, low tone that was most weird and dreamful.

Ponomah went to sleep in the midst of it, and then Wawona knew that he was under a spell.

Onoko went to her and bade her not to fear for him. "I hate the girl," he said. "I shall never wed such a brazen one. I must find some one like you, mother, before I can be satisfied."

But she saw worse misery ahead of her than even that the creature should become her son's wife. It was the custom among the Thlinkets for a chief to have more than one wife and Wawona had not minded Pohomah's having given her several others, like sisters, in the campoodie, to work with her, and she was good to them, and they loved her and listened to her counsel. But they all had been like bees in a hive, and Wawona the acknowledged queen-bee, the mother of all, having the interest and

welfare of all at heart, which from her great wisdom enabled the tribe to prosper and accomplish great things.

Other tribes had hardly food enough for the winter, and nearly starved to death. Not so Wawona's tribe. They were well-clad and well-fed and well-taught. Their blankets were of the best, their baskets the most beautiful as well as most useful, their horn spoons were celebrated far and near. She gave them good times, too, with music and dancing and feasting on the great holidays of the tribe, and all were content and happy. The fame of the Thlinkets and their prosperity was known "as a great catch of fishes," and sung by the medicine-men to inspire the other tribes to do the same.

But the kind of dancing and singing that acted upon the chiefs as a poison to put them to sleep, and made them forget the chase and the fishing and the protection of the tribe, was a thing despised by the Thlinkets.

"In one summer the grasshopper dances and dies, but the prudent ant keeps her campoodie in order from year to year." This was one of the sayings they had learned from Wawona, and she had been taught it by her grandmother. Thus we see the benefit of treasuring the words of the old and wise.

But what was Wawona going to do with this grasshopper girl in their midst, casting a spell upon Pohomah and turning their whole tribe into re-

proach, and all their efforts at self-protection into self-destruction? For she knew that one grasshopper makes many, and what was to become of them in the winter if they did not provide against that cruel time?

She tried to waken Pohomah to the danger threatening them, but his eyes were growing glassy, his ears dull; he could not hear very well, and his senses were already under a cloud. Onoko had told her his suspicions about the pretended Potlatch, and she had bidden him to find out if the girl were not Oonah's daughter. So he sauntered down to the shore, where he found her pouring water over the canoe which had brought them all so much trouble.

She gave him a look from beneath her sullen brows that boded him no good. He tried to ask her what tribe she was from, but she only made mouths at him. Then he accused her of being the offspring of Oonah, that Oonah who had tried to take the life of his own mother, and who had sent her to do the evil of destroying her happiness and that of the tribe by making a mockery of his father, the great Pohomah.

So enraged was the girl that she screamed at him, and fastened her teeth in his hand like a wild animal, to see that her arts had failed over him, and that he knew her for the creature that she was.

Aroused by her screams, Pohomah came to see if anything threatened his adored canoe, and Lulli-

kanna rushed to him, threw herself at his feet, and demanded to be protected from the wickedness of his son. At once Pohomah stooped to lift the evil-hearted grasshopper girl, and, sternly judging his son, bade him leave the tribe that day and never show his face there again. Then the men and women took sides in the quarrel, and every one was screaming and wrangling, this way or that, till the place was as if full of wild animals.

Only one was silent, and that was Wawona. She stood on a high rock, looking down upon them all. One son and two daughters she would have still when Onoko was gone, but she knew ruin stared the whole tribe in the face now. For it was plain that Pohomah was mad. The days were growing shorter; they had need for all their young men to hunt and fish and prepare for the coming winter, but the great chief had forgotten all that, and now sent his eldest son away to become an outcast, for to what tribe should he go?

"Go, my son," she cried after him, sorrowfully; "go down into the land of the Seattles and find a home there. Take them my love, and say Wawona hath sent you."

And sorrowfully Onoko did as mother bade him, for he knew all her tale, and about the Great White Chief of Mountains which is Shasta. But she sent a swift messenger after him with food and needfuls for his journey, and the silver ring from her finger, that

had belonged to her mother and grandmother, for a token to remind him that the love of the mother and son should remain forever. And she never saw her son more.

And so Wawona called to the women: "Come, O women of the Thlinkets, come up into the mountains, and let us wail our woe till great Manitou shall hear us and answer our prayers!"

And they followed her with the children, and for three days the sound of their wailing and chanting was heard from far up in the rocks. And the men were made so melancholy by the sadness of it that they went off sullenly on the hunt or on fishing trips to get away from it. And they were angry at Pohomah for his madness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME OF CHANCE.

That it was a bitter struggle to get through that winter was made evident more and more each day, and only by the provision of Wawona was it made possible that the children went to sleep at night until spring with something in their poor little stomachs. The women clung to her more than ever, well knowing she was the one who was wise and clever and able to pull them through.

Then there came a day when a file of Indians was seen coming up from the shore to the stronghold. And it was seen that old Sussaquan was at their head.

"Ah," he said, "I have come to pay my respects."

Lullikanna rushed forward to greet them, and placed before them all the food set apart to serve Pohomah for that day. As there were ten men with him, this did not suffice, so Pohomah demanded more food from the reserve.

"Our children will starve," cried the women of the tribe.

But Lullikanna reminded them that Pohomah had gone to the Potlatch of old Sussaquan.

"And he owes it to him to pay him back," said she, pertly.

"With his heart's blood," moaned Wawona, whose spirit was nearly crushed with all she had gone through. But she had more trouble coming.

When the cormorants were filled, then the word was brought to her that Pohomah was playing "Cross-the-Stick," an Alaskan game of chance. Then her face got set with fear. She went down from her high place in the rocks to see for herself the result of his gambling. Old Sussaquan was cackling with glee, and already by his side was the canoe he had given to Pohomah, but this Wawona was glad of.

"Maybe it will take the curse of the Potlatch away," she said to herself, under her breath.

Alas, Pohomah was so incensed at his loss that he put up all his blankets and spears to win it back. Soon all these were swept into the space beside the old cackler, who laughed at each foul turn against Pohomah.

"Bring all the baskets and nets and traps," called the maddened chief.

They were gathered by unwilling hands and placed before him. Again they tried the chance. It was against Pohomah, as well it might be, for there was trickery used in the manipulation of the sticks.

"Bring the bows and arrows and the pipkins and mortars," cried the raging chief.

All watched to see if the tide of fortune would turn. But it did not. All was lost, as before. He took out his own stone-knife that had taken years to sharpen and was left him by his father, the old chief. Wawona began to feel an ague in her heart.

Then he tried again, only to lose the precious thing.

"Bring my women," he called, in desperation; "they will change my luck. I surely cannot lose them."

And he waved for Namola and Sachony and Pappininny to stand forth—and his word was law.

But they were weeping, and their children were clinging to them as they stood there, for a great fear and horror had fallen on them all.

The fatal sticks were still against him, and he looked up to see what he had left to venture in the great game of chance that would turn the tide and bring back all he had lost to him once more.

There remained but Wawona and Lullikanna.

Something seemed to stir within him. He stood up, and began to remove his robes and bet them against the chance of a turn of Fortune. But he lost.

Standing there, with but one strip of cloth about him, he looked at the two women with calculating eyes. "Which was the one to put up first?"

Lullikanna was using her arts, as usual, by shrugging her shoulders and shaking her castanets, but Wawona was looking into his eyes, trying to reach that soul of his, even if it were half asleep. He mumbled and muttered. Which should it be? The old wife or the young wife that he needed most, to be left for the last?

A glimmer of sense came into his brain.

If everything were to be lost, he would still need to eat, and the old wife provided well. The young wife could only dance if he starved to death. It was an uncomfortable thought.

"Lullikanna!" he called, savagely; but she was angry that she had to stand there, amid the tittering of the whole tribe, who rejoiced in her downfall.

Again they fingered the sticks, and old Sussaquan laughed as before, as he won.

Then Pohomah glanced at Wawona, and she was smiling right into his eyes.

He arose, like the kingly chief he was, and waved his arm majestically:

"Away with you all—away—begone like the curs you are! Take your ill-gotten plunder and quit my sight forever!"

But they ran at him, as if to shoulder him in their arms and carry him to their boats a prisoner. His men rushed to his help, and there was a great fight, in which old Sussaquan was killed and also one of the Thlinkets, and the remainder of the intruders

tore madly to the boats, while Lillukanna pushed off into the water the fatal canoe, and got into it.

"May fever and famine destroy you!" she cried back to them. "May your race die and you all be forgotten, and never be remembered more. The curse of Oonah and Lullikanna be upon you!"

Pohomah rubbed his eyes and seemed to awaken from the spell cast upon him.

"What is all this?" he asked, in a dazed condition.

"You have just paid for the Potlatch," said his wife, but she was still smiling into his eyes, and he was smiling into hers.

"You have been away a long time," he said. "Don't go away again, Wawona."

And she only said: "No, my chieftain, I won't."

And he added: "I have been having a very bad spell of fever."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SWASTIKA.

It is a bad thing for the rest of the family when the father of it gets under a spell. Pohomah never quite knew what had happened to do his tribe such harm during that terrible year when he had the fever, as he called it. But nearly everything of their possessions on that fatal day, as the men had rushed to the boats, had been ruined and trampled by the struggle at the last moment.

After clearing things up and disposing of the slain, there remained only the children and a few of the mothers left behind in the rush, and only a few spears. The blankets were all gone.

"It is well that spring is so near," said Wawona, with a cheerful heart. "Now we must gather fleece from the mountain sheep for new blankets. To keep the children warm we will heat rocks for the nights now."

And she set herself to work every moment from dawn till night to repair the terrible damage done to the tribe. It took long years to set it straight, so that the women invented a new saying of their own: "One grasshopper girl can do more harm in one

summer than ten ant-women can repair in ten summers," they said, wisely nodding their heads as they said it, for had they not seen it with their own eyes?

They were inclined to hurry up their work and do things in a slack way, for they had lost heart, and no wonder, poor things! But Wawona urged them to put good work into the blankets, and they could win a good name for them, and thus exchange them to other tribes for many of the things they still lacked.

Then something wonderful came to pass. A Russian appeared one day, filling them all with consternation, for, though they had heard from time to time of there being white men to the West, who had crossed over from lands beyond by way of the islands of the Great Water, yet these were supposed to be Big Talk stories spun around the fires in the winter to make the time pass more quickly. For their nights were six months long, you must remember.

But here down on the beach was a white man, with a great growth of hair upon his face, so that the children ran, calling: "A Bear-man! a Bear-man! is coming!" while they fled before him.

Wawona had, however, seen white men in her youth, and knew these tales were true ones. She had no fear, but went out to meet him alone.

"Are you come in promise to a vow made to the Great Spirit?" she asked him, remembering the

words of the Palefaces she had seen so many years before in Oregon in her home in the South.

He smiled, and nodded in a friendly way, for he understood her speech. Then he asked if she had any blankets—that he wanted to buy some to take to his country.

This was a great surprise, but presently she had the women taking down and spreading out before him the ones they had been making to exchange to the other tribes. Before the men had returned from the chase he had chosen five of them, and had ordered more. He gave in exchange, besides, beads that shone brightly like the sun, a useful pot of iron that filled Wawona's heart with joy, for he showed her that it would stand the fire. Then he gave them all magic shining things that revealed to each one who looked therein her own face, which she had never seen before. Of course, they were little mirrors. He also took notice of the excellent way the skins and hides were tanned, and brought them bear skins he had in his boat for them to treat the same way for him to carry away with him. For this he gave some round pieces of copper and silver, and then hung about Wawona's neck a queer little shape of metal fastened by a string.

At his side was a splendid steel knife, even finer and better than the stone one Pohomah had gambled away to old Sussaquan. Wawona looked at it, and smiled. Then she asked him what she could give

him in exchange for this most wonderful and magnificent weapon. He laughed, and drew it out, and looked at it affectionately. It was worth as much as an automobile up in that region, because of its great usefulness. A man could hardly expect to live up there without a good hunting-knife with which to prepare his food and to protect himself with. Wawona knew its worth. They had been having a hard time without the weapon Pohomah's father had left him and that he had so recklessly given away while in his terrible fever. If only she had one like that splendid one she could do almost anything in her work.

"I give it to you, the blankets are worth it," said the Russian, at last, ashamed to be taking her beautiful things and giving her so little in return. She had a way about her that made folks feel that she was looking into their hearts. She took it in her hand and held it up, as if it were an offering to Manitou, and burst into a song of wild rejoicing such as she had done in her youth, but not now for many a day.

Hardly had the Russian taken to his boat and gone before the men of the Thlinkets came in, bearing a deer and some other food for preparation for eating.

At once Wawona went at the meat with the great shining knife that had thus come into her possession. Pohomah gazed at it in wonder. Then he asked

where this precious treasure had come from. Proudly she exhibited to him the iron pot, into which she now placed some of the meat for cooking into a savory stew, and also the other things. Then she presented him with the wonderful knife, which he accepted, still in a state of wonder.

And it was the proudest moment of her life.

After the pangs of hunger had been abated, then she showed him the coins and the queer little amulet the Russian had given her.

It was true, then, about the Bear-man with the white face being in the land, and they were coming from the West as well as the East. How strange for them to be leaving their own places to go wandering around like that from the day-world into the night-world. But Wawona had showed the tribe how to meet this being and make it to their advantage instead of their loss.

"You are Wawona, the Wise," he said, well pleased, as he put the splendid knife into his belt.

Then he looked at the round pieces of copper and silver. Of course, it was money, but he could make nothing of them. But the amulet he seemed to understand. It was of a curious shape, and made in iron as if cut from a circle into a cross-tree with four arms. He recognized it as an image of the sun, and said gravely, "The Home of Manitou," and she nodded in reply.

But the Russian had left it as a symbol of the coming civilization.

What is a symbol, you ask? It is something visible to the sight which stands for something not easily explained otherwise. The Indians, generally, everywhere throughout the Americas, have a belief in a Great Spirit, and have an idea that His home is in the sun, and they make a sign of the sun as if it were a sort of wheel that turns around, which explains its rapid motion across the heavens each day. To them it rolls around the earth between sunrise and sunset, and then goes to sleep in the long winter months. And as they are very anxious to see it come once more to break the darkness, they think about the sun a great deal and worship it as if it were Manitou Himself.

It was not long before the Russian came again, and, finding the little symbol still tied about Wawona's neck, signified his approval.

He brought more knives that were indeed treasures to the Thlinkets, and took away the bearskins they had tanned for him and more of the blankets.

What was it happened next? Oh, Oonah and her grasshopper daughter, Lullikanna, were more angered than ever before to hear that famine and fever had not only not carried off the tribe, but that they were prospering and recovering all their old-time good fortune. Their tribe had not met the Russians in a kindly spirit as Wawona had, but,

on the contrary, had dealth with them treacherously. They had slain a number of the whites, and had taken possession of their stores, and were now in hiding, in fear lest the whites come upon them again in revenge. It is always like that—when the first wrong is done it grows like a little stream into a great river until there is no end to trouble until nearly all are killed and wiped out of existence—the innocent with the guilty.

As they had feared, there came a day when they paid the penalty for their treachery, for a great ship came into the waters and fired tremendous volleys of death to them, and then the white Bear-men came like conquerors, and fell upon them and captured those who were left alive, and took hostages for their future good behavior.

But some of the tribe fled to the mountains, and of course these were the very ones who had murdered the whites and whom, most of all, they had sought to put to death.

Of course, we may say why did not the white man stay in his own home and not be going around bothering these miserable Alaskan tribes, who were in their own country, and not a very good one at that, with its long nights of darkness and short days of summer.

But the white man is a queer kind of creature. He always wants to know what is going on, on the other side of the mountain, or on the other side of

the world, and he is never content until he finds out, and then he must needs return to his own home and tell everybody about it, so they can put it into the geography all straight and right for the children to study about.

It seems to be natural for him to be a discoverer, and I don't see that there is any way we can stop him as long as there is a new place of land to be hunted up and investigated.

Well, the white man will always be boss, and you can't do anything about that, either.

He is endowed with a superior intelligence and constructive ability inherited from thousands of years back from his white ancestors that gives him the power to control the destinies of other men. And he establishes his rule mostly by introducing better methods of sanitation and improvements in living and ordering of government.

While the white man has as much antagonism against his brother possibly, on occasions, as has the man of the dark-skinned race, yet he has learned by experience the great lesson of self-control. He knows by experience that his people must get along together somehow, and that in UNION there is strength. So for the sake of strength in government, he learns to come under as an individual, and submit to the will of the majority. This quality of itself gives to the white man his power. As long as he maintains his resistance to wild justice

and to personal revenge which belong to the darker tribes of men in their dealings with each other, and holds to the greatest force in mankind, self-control, that long he will be dominant. But if he yields to greed and to coveteousness, and no longer stands for justice and right, his power will fall away from him like a flimsy garment. He will lose his place in the destiny of the world.

Well, these were Russians, they were white men; they stood together, one for all, all for one. They held a court of justice there and then.

The captain of the ship decided to send a party of men out to capture these murderers who had escaped. They had their interpreter ask each one where they had gone, under penalty of death if they did not answer and tell the truth.

Standing in line were Oonah and her evil daughter. They whispered low to each other to say that the men were to be found in the place of the rocks, which they knew well enough was the happy abode of the Thlinkets, and that, owing to the late feud between their two tribes, they would not dare to go. But it would enable the wicked Oonah and Lullikanna to be avenged on Wawona, after all.

So, as each one acted his or her part out successfully, and thus deceived the whites into believing these cold-blooded murderers were to be found with the Thlinkets, it was not long before there was a terrible band of fierce Bear-men, with white faces,

arriving on the shore where Pohomah and his tribe were carefully preparing for the winter and doing all kinds of domestic work for their coming needs.

The children watched in wonder to see them arriving, but no fear oppressed the poor little brown things, for they were accustomed to the Russian trader by this time, who so often came and bought their blankets.

But, in the twinkling of an eye, everything was in a terrible condition. In no gentle manner they demanded the giving up of the murderers, and no one understood, least of all Pohomah, who was a warror in his own way, and a chief who brooked no indignity, and so there was a sudden battle all at once with firearms blazing, while Pohomah with his last breath put his great steel knife into the breast of the man nearest him.

The white men are terrible—they always are—at the sight of their number from the other side of the world falling before a savage hand. Doubtless, if they told the story, they would seem to be in the right.

But we know of it from the way Wawona tells it—poor Wawona. That was the most awful day of her life! And all so unnecessary, too. But you know she was foretold to keep history warm, so we must believe her.

When it was all over, they brought out the ones left alive, and were about to put them all to death—

the women and children, as well as the men. But one white man saw the little symbol on Wawona's neck.

"Why, look here!" he exclaimed. "This woman is a Christian!"

Wawona was always equal to the occasion. She at once began to ask for an interpreter, and after awhile it was made plain to the white men that there had been a terrible mistake. They were sorry, but sorrow could not undo their terrible deed.

The remnant of the tribe was saved because of the little cross on Wawona's neck, but her beloved Pohomah was no more. How they hated the Bear-men with white faces!

Then it was that Wawona stood like a queen and demanded to know further, and who it was that had given them the word that had caused all this carnage. And, in penitence for their awful deed, they offered to take her to meet those who had so treacherously and wrongfully accused the innocent tribe of Thlinkets of having given shelter to the murderers they were in search of.

Still wearing her sun-symbol, she went with them in the state of a widowed queen in her bereavement. When the wicked Oonah and Lullikanna, her daughter, beheld her coming up the beach from the boats just arrived, and with a guard of white men showing her great respect, they fled from sight and hid in terror.

"Bring them out!" demanded the Captain, who stood like an avenging angel.

And brought them out, they did, those fierce sailors who were angered at having been made the tools of these evil grasshopper women for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on an innocent tribe.

"What shall be done with them?" asked the Captain of Wawona, who stood there in silence.

For the interpreter had made known to him that it was the doing of these two women that they had been sent out to slaughter the innocent Thlinkets.

Wawona bethought her of all the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of Oonah and her daughter—the jealousies from the very beginning of her coming on these shores, of the loss of her noble son, Onoko—of the fever given to her brave Pohomah—of finally the death he had had to die to satisfy the bloodthirstiness of these now trembling creatures, since justice at last was now hanging over them. Should she let them go on living, they would still do harm to her and the remnant of the tribe with their latest breath.

What, then, should she decide?

"Let each one in the tribe who told the lie at their bidding be given ten stripes on the bare flesh," she said.

And it was done. Then the Captain, who stood there as a judge, demanded:

"Now, what shall we do with those snakes?"

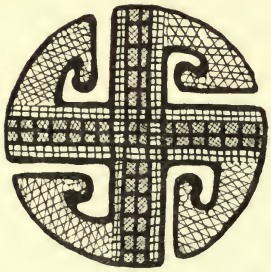
"Give them into the hands of Manitou, the Great Spirit," spoke Wawona, like a prophetess. "Let the two of them be bound in the beautiful canoe which was Sussaquan's, and be launched on the Great Water. If they be saved—let them! But if not—not!"

And it was done. But they made no outcry, for they themselves knew it was just.

And ever after, when any of the women sought to play a treacherous part, it was said: "Beware, lest you be sent forth in the canoe of Sussaquan!"

So she who was a grasshopper girl and she who was her mother went down into the sea and were swallowed up. If any ever rescued them, or Manitou saved them for further life, it was never known to Wawona.

But the white men who became her friends because of the cross on her neck, which made them think she was of their religion, did so afterwards because of her great good sense which we call "wisdom." And because of the good service the little sun-symbol, or swastika, as we call it, had done her and her tribe, Wawona was minded to accept the religion of the white man, and thus was treated



still further with many favors, as well as to make restitution for all her tribe had suffered.

CHAPTER X.

THE MASTERPIECE.

Now they had to have a new chief to take the place of Pohomah and so they chose one from another branch of the Thlinkets, and thus the two tribes became welded into one. He was a stern old warrior with many grandchildren, but his wife was dead. After a year had passed he found out how wise and excellent was the counsel of Wawona, and he asked her to become a grandmother to his generations that they all might prosper and be preserved.

Wawona had but one grandchild left, the daughter of her last son. She had greatly mourned that her generations should be so few for the great time coming when she was to tell her story unto the sixth generation of that tribe. And this thought to be grandmother to the children of the Thlinkets appealed to her.

Pohomah, she had served with all her wit and all her heart and all her wisdom; but he was gone, and it would be lonely for all those long years coming when she was to carry out the prophecy. So she said yes, and it was made a great ceremony on

that day when she was wed to the stern old Thlinket Chief. And her granddaughter was married to the grandson of the chief and so the children of these two belonged to them both.

The Russians kept coming into the land of Alaska. They built churches with the symbol of their religion placed upon rounded domes that stood out wonderfully in the sun. Their priests came among the Alaskans and taught them many things. Still was there placed a value upon the blankets made by the women who were taught the arts of dyeing and weaving and designing by Wawona who still was strong and clever beyond all her kind.

But for many years she had indulged in a strange thought. If the day ever should come when she had the leisure for it, she meant to make a MASTERPIECE, one that would be cherished and admired more than any blanket that was ever made before. And as the young grew up and attended to the smaller things, under her directions, she saw the time coming nearer and nearer. At last the day actually arrived.

Now, Wawona had the soul of a poet and a historian, but she had never learned to read or to write. How, then, was she to keep history warm, as had been prophesied?

She was fond of telling the children all her story, and on the long winter evenings they used

to love to hear of her wanderings more than to listen to the tales of the young chiefs. For it seemed so wonderful that she should have come from the Southland to the North, and survive so many terrible things and yet have her heart so full of kindness and good works for others.

And she always began her story thus: "Now, little pigeons, be happy while you are young. You are just coming into our sunrise of life—gradually arising into the heat and glory of the full noon with your hearts bursting with expectation and eagerness—looking for sweetness and joy. Life is sweet and earth is a beautiful place. Then you will turn with the sun and begin to sink from the middle of the blue sky. You will see things less eagerly, less with expectation.

"After a while, a long, long while, you will be like me—in the sunset of life. You will be sinking to rest—in peace and calm, looking back at all the glory that once was yours and you will be glad. You would not change places with those who are just coming up with the sun from the East—you will be happy that you are in the glory of the sunset—you will rejoice in the peace which is yours."

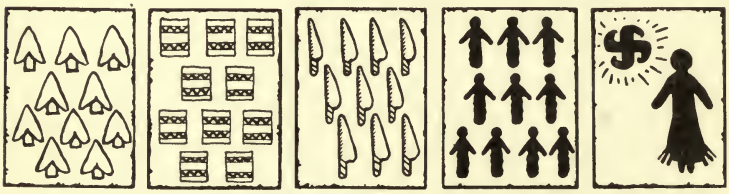
Wawona was all ready. The young gathered around and watched her. She had prepared her threads, her woolen yarns; she had her warp all in place, the woof in her hand. She had the pat-

tern all in her head and at once she began to tell her story in the splendid masterpiece of a blanket she had been planning all the years of her life. She began with the story as she always told it, with the rays of the sun coming up in the East, and then she pictured the full sun in the middle of the sky, and then at the end of the curved line she had it sinking in the West into night. She knew how to do it better than I can tell it.

Next she used her threads to portray the scene of the old chief, her grandfather, who objected to the dance of triumph on the night of her birth, and also the stealing away of her father and mother to be captured by the warlike band of Indians who carried them away. She did not fail to put in her grandmother under a blackberry bush, or the parting between her mother and grandmother, or the gift of the silver snake ring. So on she went, telling all her adventures, from week to week, until she came to the outcasting of Onoko, her dearly beloved son, with herself standing on a high rock saying farewell, while the grasshopper girl was dancing and casting her evil spell on Pohomah.

But the most wonderful thing of all was where she portrayed the scene between Pohomah and Sussaquan when Pohomah gambled away everything he owned to the last fold of cloth he had to wrap his nakedness in, and until he came to the only thing he had left, which was Wawona herself.

She was always smiling while she weaved at this portion of the Masterpiece. She worked out a sort of multiplication table as to the value of things compared with each other—the more they were, the less valuable they were. She represented, for instance, that ten arrowheads were the value of one blanket, ten blankets one knife, ten knives one slave, ten slaves one old wife.



She designed them in sorts of squares containing symbols of these things, much as we of today have our playing-cards marked. And in the hieroglyphic she made of the one old wife she introduced the sun-symbol that had saved the lives of the tribe.

On she went as the days passed, and all the rest of it she put into the binding of the grasshopper girl and her mother in the boat and sending forth to the mercy of the waves. Then she came to the wedding of the new chief of the Thlinkets and becoming the ancestress of the fourth generation. There she took her great work off of the loom with its unfinished threads of the warp still hanging loose.

"What will you do with it now?" asked her

granddaughter, who was a great admirer of Wawona.

"Who knows?" she replied. "None but Manitou!"

But it had taken ten years of her life. The old chief was dead, her grandson was now to take his place and she was getting old at last. Of that there was no doubt. Nevertheless, if the prophecy was to be fulfilled and she was to live through six generations, there were still thirty years before her.

"Great things are happening," cried a runner coming in upon them at that moment. "The Bearmen have sold the land to the Southmen and they are to be our new masters."

"Then there is much to do for my tribe," said Wawona with dignity. "I shall have to be busy every day that I have left."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FLAG OF THE U. S. A.

What was it that had happened? Why, the Russians had sold that splendid territory of Alaska to the government of the United States of America, and with all its minerals, all its gold, silver, coal, forests and treasures, together with the control of the poor natives who had been born there and knew no other land or home. It was a matter of much moment to those pitiful tribes living in crude huts and wresting their living from the forests and the waters to hear that the fiercely-whiskered white man had disposed of all their rights in that territory to another race of white men also, but coming from the South, the land of the sun.

However, the passing from one control to another was a peaceful sort of ceremony. Wawona's great-grandson took her in his canoe to Sitka, the beautifully situated little city on its curving shores of the sea. For the tribe had faith that the Wawona who had been dealt with so justly by the Russians would also win the justice of the new nation of the Southlanders in their favor.

Upon her neck she wore the little swastika to help

her cause. For she had come to believe that the white man himself worshiped Manitou even as the Redmen did, only they called the Great Spirit by another name. And with that symbol of the home of Manitou upon her breast, the new chief of the land would see at once that they were brothers and sisters and give them the protection they so much needed. But you shall hear!

She saw the wonderful Baranoff Castle, which has since been destroyed by fire; but then it was a palace of wonders. Its windows hung with velvet and satin and laces, its chandeliers were a blaze of rainbow colors with its hundreds of crystal pendants, and there were skylights made of diamonded pieces of mirror which shone with the glory of the sun, too dazzling almost for eyes to bear. Beautiful carpets and rich rugs were upon the floors of the castle, and heavy furniture of solid woods added to the splendor of the place. Upon the walls were paintings and everywhere taste and elegance marked the furnishings as of the finest and the most costly as one would see in a king's palace. This was where the former governor had dwelt in all his pride and state as representative of that noble Czar, Alexander, who had freed the serfs of his mighty domains by one stroke of the pen and then, alas! had paid for that splendid deed by the loss of his life.

How did that happen? Some of the owners of

the serfs did not like to give them up, and in revenge they put him to death.

But the serfs will never forget his name.

With her great-grandson by her side, Wawona wandered up and down, observing all these wonderful things. She looked at the little church with its peculiar rounded dome, and the cross on top, and smiled to think how like it was to the symbol she was herself wearing. It was some time before they could reach the ear of anyone in charge, or claim the attention of anyone in authority.

Finally, however, she met one of the Russian interpreters who knew her well, and he made a way through the crowd and introduced Wawona to the American who was the chief official for the government of the United States of America.

She tried to speak to him, but he only smiled and waved his hand good-naturedly and had the interpreter assure Wawona and her great-grandson, who was now chief of the tribe of the Thlinkets, that it would be all right.

Then it was that Wawona drew his attention to the little cross she was wearing and he nodded, as before and smiled in a meaningless way as before, which struck a chill to the heart of the Wisewoman. She tried to reach his inner self by a little word about brotherhood, but he only told the interpreter to explain to "these Injun-folks" that henceforth the things of the most importance to Alaska

which they would be expected to respect would be "the flag." Then he called to his clerk to do something, and presently there was placed in Wawona's own hand a little banner of red and white and blue, and upon the blue part were white stars like in the heavens above. She felt that she understood. It was another symbol of the home of Manitou. She was told to take it and carry it home with her. It was given to her for her own.

That was indeed a wonderful day in her history.

But the sightseers on that occasion fell upon the castle like a lot of wild men, and stripped it of its glory, and succeeding ships brought passengers who were also determined to have a memento of the wonderful place,, though finally there was nothing left of all this splendor but the body of the building and some wire and one poor old battered skylight.

I saw one school-teacher there who was carrying off four pounds of wire in a state of triumph.

What is that, little cousin? Was I there? Yes, indeed! I visited Baranoff Castle in Sitka in 1892, and I have a bit of glass somewhere in with my needles and buttons, that someone gave me on the steamer which they had picked out of that skylight of tiny mirrors. And did I see Wawona?

Why, of course, I did. How else should I be able to tell you about her?

But I am coming to that part—after a little.

This is to tell you of the use that Wawona made of our flag to help her tribe.

Men from the Southland began to flock into the new American possessions as early as 1872 and to take up land and to sell and buy and to introduce all the customs and habits and ways of the cities they had left behind them in their own land. The Alaskan Indian was a simple creature, and it was not long until he was trying to imitate all these ways of the superior White Man from the Land of the Sun.

But the ways of civilized nations are not good for tribes who have to hunt and fish to make their living. For them to get civilized they have to go through a terrible time and then not many of the tribe are left to tell the story.

It was only a little while until the Thlinkets began to feel this strange new influence creeping into their midst. The men did not work as before, and the women and the children were left to suffer for the needs of life. The winter was slowly approaching and no provision for that long, dark time was being made as formerly so that the tribe should survive. The women came in a long procession and sat before Wawona's hut and wailed their woe. She met them with dignity and sympathy.

"It is more work for me to do," she said, bravely, but she was very old. She was not so tall now, but smaller in size and height, yet her bowed

shoulders could carry more burdens for her tribe than any of those with straight shoulders. Her great spirit made her strong. Her great-grandson, the chief, was now a grandfather and had two young ones he left to her care, for he no longer hunted or fished. He no longer cared whether there was provision made for the winter or not. She looked upon these two, a boy and a girl, and said, "We must save them, for these are my own who shall live after me, and they must save our tribe from perishing when I am gone."

And the women raised their voices in a wild wail and implored her to save the tribe as before she had done.

Thus it was, in spite of her years which hung heavy upon her, that Wawona once more went to Sitka. She had the boy and his sister, who was older, to row her, and she met a good Russian who knew her, the same one as before, though he too was getting old and grizzled during this long time. So he took her to meet the American who was in authority, and he was a Judge.

"There is an Injun woman out here holding an American flag in her hands," said the clerk of the court. "She insists on seeing the chief." And the man laughed.

"Bring her in," said the Judge, "I can spare a minute while I am smoking." And in came old Wawona, but there was a fire burning in her eye.

The interpreter was told to go ahead. "Well, what is it?" said the Judge, wearily.

"She say she want to talk with you about her tribe, the Thlinkets," said the Russian.

"All right," he remarked impatiently, "go on!"

"Tell the American chief," said Wawona, earnestly, "that my tribe is in trouble."

This was repeated. The Judge tried to look sympathetic and nodded his head. "Most of them are," he observed dryly (and in an undertone), and the clerk laughed.

Wawona saw that the Judge was just listening in a perfunctory way while the smoke was curling up from his cigar and did not care for her or her tribe in the least.

Something flashed up in her all at once. The eloquence of despair fell upon her.

"Oh, great Chief of the White Man," she implored in such a musical and beautiful voice that he turned to look at her with surprise. "Kindly give me your attention for a few moments to hear how our hearts are all breaking down at Wrangel Island where we women of the Thlinkets are living."

This was translated by the good friend of Wawona in his very best style.

"Hearts breaking?" repeated the Judge astonished. "What? Have 'Injuns' got hearts?" And he laid his cigar down and gazed at her curiously.

The Russian told Wawona what he had said.

She smiled at him with such a wonderful piercing look in her eyes that he felt her influence stealing over him like a spell. "The same as your own women have in the Sunland to the South—the same as your own mother, though she have a white skin and ours is brown."

"Look here," said the Judge. "Tell her to speak up and explain what is the matter."

Wawona fixed her great brown eyes now full of appeal upon him. "It is our men that is the matter—it is our sons, our brothers, our fathers, our husbands that are breaking our hearts."

"Well," said he, "I don't see what I can do about it!"

"Oh," she cried and gave a great wail in her Indian language that made the men in the courtroom stand petrified with the melancholy of it. "It is the fire-water—it is ruining them and us. The White Man can drink without going mad, but the Red Man goes mad."

"That's about so," said the Judge, helplessly.

She held up the little banner of red, white and blue with its field of stars. "This flag of your people be strong?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the American flag is very strong."

"Then," said Wawona, in her most impressive

tone, "why not strong enough to keep Indian man from drinking fire-water?"

"By George! she is right," exclaimed the Judge. "We could apply the Oregon reservation laws to the Territory of Alaska and settle the whole question by making it a felony to sell liquor to the Indians. And that would save us having them fighting and killing each other all the time and also a thousand other troubles." He slapped his table a heavy bang with the intensity of his sudden emotion. "I'll do it, and write to Washington to hold me up in it."

Wawona was watching him with all her soul in her eyes. "Is it good?" she asked the interpreter.

"Very good!" said the man in return. "He will do great things for your tribe."

Wawona drew her young people to her side and held up the little flag before them. "Tell my children of far-away generations to promise on this to let fire-water alone," she said, imploringly.

The Judge humored her in the idea and spoke to the boy and the young woman in the kindest words at his command. Particularly he impressed it on the boy's mind what a great merit it was to be always in possession of his senses, and what a comfort he could be to his tribe by always remaining sober. "Even the White Man is better off who lets it alone—he gets on in business much better," he added, and his clerk was no more laughing, but very serious, indeed.

Then he turned to the Russian and bade him tell the old lady that he would send to Washington to have the laws so made that no White Man could sell liquor to the Indians without having to go to jail. "But," he remarked, "you tell her to keep the 'Injuns' away from the Whites all she can—our ways can't be their ways."

"Yes, yes," she responded, smiling, "it is true, it is true!"

"Tell her to come and see me again, some time, and let me know how it works," said the Judge, getting at once to the writing of the letter to Washington so it could go off on the next day's steamer, for it only came during the summer months or the late spring, and the rest of the time they were as far from their own land as if they were altogether off the map.

"Tell him my story," said Wawona with dignity. "He will then see how old I am and how much I have suffered."

Then she and the boy and the young girl by her side, her only descendants of this sixth generation, went into the little Russian church and gave thanks to Manitou for what he had done for them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN FROM METLAKATLA.

It was the next day that the Russian found time to tell the Judge the story of Wawona's life, and it affected him strangely. "She is a most remarkable woman," he said, "and I think I never heard a more beautiful voice—it is as musical as a running brook. When we have the Indian school started up here, I mean to send for that little boy she had with her and give him a good education so he can understand business and get along with the whites."

He was as good as his word, and one day there came someone to Wrangel Island to explain that the men of the Southland had instituted a means of education for the children of the Alaskans, and that the descendants of Wawona the Wise were chosen to obtain its benefits. This was indeed a great honor, and she chose also a couple of others of the tribe to go along to Sitka to the government school to learn everything needful for their support according to the new custom.

As she stood on the shore and said farewell to them, the great word she whispered into their ears was, "My little pigeon, let the fire-water alone to

please Wawona." And she held the little flag in her withered old hands as each one gave her the promise.

Soon after, it seemed to her who had lived so much, and had experienced so much, that a beautiful letter came to her, and some one of the salmon cannery near at hand very kindly came in and translated it for her to hear. It was from the young woman who had gone to the school, and she wrote they all were happy and learning to speak and write English. And the letter was signed "Martha." That was the name they had given her at the school.

How she smiled with pleasure at this news and kept repeating over the new name so that she could speak it correctly when Martha should return to live with her tribe again.

And she lived to see this day, for they came home on a vacation, Martha to remain and the boy to go back again to finish his studies, and the learning of his trade, which was to be carpentering, but Martha was to stay and look after the needs of Wawona. The tribe was growing less all the time. The chief had died, and his son, who was Martha's and the boy's father, was a surly man, and brought no comfort to his tribe. No one seemed to live long any more. Everything looked dark and miserable, except for these two young folks home from the Indian school, and the three who had gone with them. On these Wawona based her hopes for the

future, and tried to be cheerful and give good counsel to all.

It was at this very time that something strange happened. There came an Indian from the South among the Thlinkets, asking for news of the old-time chief, Pohomah. But there had been so many changes, so many had died and so many were forgotten of the past, that they could tell nothing of their old-time heroes.

"But, come," said one of the older men, "we have Wawona the Wise with us, and she knows everything. Ask her and she will tell you."

So after many miles of travel they brought him into the hut where the smoke was curling up lazily, sometimes through the hole in the roof, sometimes swaying around the walls within, first, before it made its way out. Lying on some blankets and furs was an old woman with gray hair, and her eyes were closed as if in sleep.

"Come, grandmother," spoke the Thlinket who had brought the stranger to see her, "here is someone from the Southland. He comes from Metlakatla Island to ask for news of Pohomah!"

"What?" cried Wawona, sitting upright with a soft little scream of surprise and joy. "Pohomah!" and she began to weep. "Who would know of my Pohomah, who though dead so many years yet is still dwelling in my poor old heart? Who is this?"

"You cannot know who I am," said the stranger, "for you have never seen me, but it is said I have a look like Pohomah—at least my grandfather told me so before he died."

"Come," she said in a very soft and sweet voice, "come, let me look though it be my last one."

"She is slowly going blind," said the Thlinket.

She put her hand on his arm and led the way to the outside of the hut. There she gazed into his face intently.

"Ah!" she breathed softly, "it is indeed the truth—a miracle for mine eyes to see before they have lost their power. And your grandfather, was his name Onoko?" The stranger nodded. And she fell to weeping again.

They took her in and placed her upon her blankets gently and kindly. When she had quieted down once more, she asked him many questions and he sat at her feet and showed her much respect.

He told her of how his grandfather, Onoko, had been outcasted by his father Pohomah, and had made his way down to the Seattles and then had married into a tribe of another place; of how they had been taught by a great and good and splendid white man known as William Duncan, and how, because of some authority from across the great water to the East, he had been removed from over them, and how the Indians had resented this treatment, and begged Duncan to take them to some

other place away from that authority. Then he continued, telling how Duncan had gone to the flag of the Americans and the Chief at Washington had given him an island of his own, free from any other domination but his own and it was called "Metlakatla."

"And here we live in peace and comfort. My grandfather has had a number of children and they are scattered among the different tribes. But I always determined some day to come North and see old Pohomah, if he lived, and tell him of the great chief that his son Onoko got to be, even though he was outcasted from his own tribe.

"And Wawona, his mother," she breathed in a soft voice of entreaty as sweet as music, "did he not speak to you of her, sometimes?"

The man seemed unwilling to reply.

"Surely he must have told you of his mother, as well as of his father," she insisted, gently.

"Oh, yes, he told me, she was a wise woman," he said. "She was stolen from the Seattles and married Pohomah, and my father was sorry for that!"

"Sorry?" she queried. "And now tell me why?"

"Because—" and he hesitated still, "because he turned from her to a slave, miserable grasshopper girl, and he was no more worthy of her—that woman who was my grandfather's mother."

"O-o-o-o!" she crooned, in a soft, sweet cry of

surprise and joy. "Oh, I must tell you everything—you have only half the history. Manitou, the Great Spirit, has sent you to me. Come and see my Masterpiece—it is for you I have made it, oh Man of Metlakatla."

Martha helped her to draw the precious thing out from its place of concealment. With trembling fingers Wawona spread it before the stranger, who listened to every word and watched intently as she pointed to every sign and symbol which she could do without straining her eyes, for she knew its every thread of warp and woof as she did her own heart.

He smiled at the scene of the birth-night of the little Wawona and the stern old chief who had asked, "What—for—drum?" and already knew of the prophecy.

"Yes," he said," my grandfather has told me of this that we may treat our girl babies with respect."

Tears of joy were gathering again in the eyes of the old wise woman, but she went on and on, unraveling the past to this most wrapt listener from far away who cared more for the tales of his ancestors, than did those who were born upon the same ground.

"What we are deprived of is the thing we most long for," had been one of the sayings of Wawona's own grandmother, and she remembered it now.

Poor Onoko, driven from his tribe and mother, never ceased to think of her and had thus marked his descendants with his memories. Wandering in a strange country from his own had only made him long the more for that home in the far-away North, and his tales to his children and theirs after them had all been of that early home. It had almost become a legend to them, and now one of them at last had come to see for himself what it was all like.

Some pigeons have what is called "a homing instinct"—that is, they are simply possessed to fly home, no matter if it be hundreds of miles away. And so it is with some people who are the children of wanderers. They are always wanting to go back to that other side of the world whence their family originally came, even though it may be hundreds of years since those ancestors left that part of the globe. May be that is why we of the West are all so restless.

But never before did I hear of any one like the Metlakatla man who found his family history all waiting for him, worked out in symbols in a masterpiece of a blanket and with the ancient maker of the masterpiece at hand to explain everything he wanted to know.

Gradually they reached the part that told of the going away of Onoko, outcasted by his father, Pohomah, and the old anger was still in him at this piece of injustice.

"But, wait," entreated Wawona most sweetly. "See, it was but a fever! See, here is the coming of old Sussaquan, the treacherous," and she told him all about the game of chance and how everything was lost by a false winning of the uncle of Oonah until at last, in her eagerness, she arose and acted out the scene as if it were now taking place before them at that moment—and she was a good actress, too.

She showed how she and Lullikanna stood there before Pohomah for him to choose between them as to which should be left last, and how Pohomah recovered his reason and gambled away the grasshopper girl who had brought such evil upon the tribe and had chosen to keep her, Wawona, his old wife—to be the last possession he had left in the world.

From the brow of the Metlakatlan, the cloud began slowly to lift as this was conveyed to his inner understanding.

"And the grasshopper girl was taken away?" he inquired, as if that were indeed a new story to his mind regarding old Pohomah.

"Yes, he drove them away from him, and there was a fight and old Sussaquan was killed and one of our men also—and nearly everything was destroyed," eagerly went on Wawona, "—and I was all that was left him."

"You?" asked the Metlakatlan. "Are you Onoko's mother and old Pohomah's wife?"

"I, even I!" crooned Wawona. "And you belong to me, for Manitou hath sent you to tell me of my son whom I have loved all these years and to give me once more the features of my beloved Pohomah, whom yet I cherish in my withered bosom."

"God hath sent me," said the Metlakatlan, passing his hand across his eyes and then gazing at her steadfastly. "I would that my father, Onoko, had known all this."

"Mayhap they sit together in the Camp of Manitou and know all," said Wawona, fervently.

"Then you are Wawona the Wise, and my great-grandmother?" said the son of Onoko.

"Verily," said she, smiling. "But now let me tell you what else befell the tribe." And he turned to listen once more and never wearied to be studying the symbols of the Masterpiece.

She told him the whole story from the day of the Russian giving her the swastika to the coming of the flag, and of her last trip to Sitka, and then summoned the young ones who were home from the Indian School, and introduced them to this member of her family descended from her lost son, Onoko.

Just then there came a heavy form into the hut and cut off the light of the entrance. It was that of the chief of the Thlinkets and Wawona's own great-great-grandson, the father of Martha and the

boy from the Indian School. He staggered into the presence of them all, brandishing a knife, and his eyes were wild and his brain was crazy.

"Give me fire-water," he muttered and held the shining blade above Wawona's head.

The Metlakatlan sprang up and tried to save her from the blow before it descended. The boy ran in between, trying to push off the maddened Indian and disarm him before it was too late. While one held his arm, another grasped him about the body, dragging him away, and Martha struck the knife from his hand across the darkened hut.

Stupefied after all this struggle, the heavy creature stumbled across the floor and passed into a miserable slumber where he fell.

"What white man has sold him this poison?" asked the Metlakatlan, in a fierce outburst of rage.

The boy gave the name.

"He shall be punished for this," said he, "for it is against the law!"

All the quiet joy of that meeting had been marred by that terrible scene.

"The white man likes to make money," said Martha, in contempt.

"Ah, yes," said he, with ringing scorn in his voice, "but why need the Indian drink poison to please the white man?"

"You—you—" cried Wawona, "you do not drink the poison?"

"No," he said, majestically, standing there with folded arms. "I am a Duncan Indian. We keep Sunday, we do not drink poison."

"Ooooooooh—" crooned Wawona in joy, "then it was good for you that Onoko went to the South. That Duncan man—he must be very good chief. How glad is my heart that my Onoko's son is a Duncan man. I know now why it is I am left alive so long. I must put all this into my Masterpiece. This is the best of everything."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE WATER-OF-FIRE DID.

The next day there was no peace until the young woman had helped Wawona to put her blanket into her old loom which was nearly falling to pieces, but "Onoko's son," as Wawona called him, helped to mend it for them. And he watched while they added a few more inches of cloth, putting in the arrival of himself from the Southland and Wawona giving him her blessing.

Then he went to make complaint about the selling of strong drink to the chief, and some one took up the matter, and a white man was arrested and placed in a boat and taken to Sitka and jailed along with a number of other miserable creatures who had been engaged in breaking the same law.

When I was in Alaska I saw this prison and some of the hideous beings who were there behind the bars for selling liquor to the Indians. And I give you my word, they were the most despicable looking creatures I ever beheld in all my life. They all looked like sneaks—it was marked on their faces—they were more like reptiles than men.

The son of Onoko was working in a salmon-

cannery for the season and would have to return to his place the next day, and then later to his own island of Metlakatla.

So they three, Wawona, Martha and the stranger, now one of them and cherished by them, sat together, saying their last farewells.

The boy went out to the beach to see to his canoe as one would to a favorite colt, leaving them talking together on what the days of tomorrow might bring to the tribe of Thlinkets.

But the maddened chief was following his son craftily. He had speech with him as to the part he had played the day before in having the liquor-seller arrested. His brain was still crazed and he did not know what he was about.

Arriving at the door of the hut came a deputation of old men from further up in the mountains who had come to see Wawona the Wise. They had questions to ask of her about matters no one else could well remember. And the son of Onoko watched and listened to hear what she would say. He saw the respect they all showed her and observed how wise and clever were her replies. Surely the prophecy had come to pass. She had kept history warm for six generations.

But it was in the midst of this conference as twilight came down, that there was heard a great tumult. Voices were crying and wailing, "Wawona! oh, Wawona!"

And at last it was made known to them that a great tragedy had taken place out on the beach. The crazed chief had plunged his knife into the heart of his son—the bright boy from the Indian School of whom so much had been expected—and now the tribe was indeed desolate to see all these hopes to be in vain. He was no more. And in the attempt to capture this fierce destroyer of his own son, he had also killed a white man who was good and kind to the Indians, and, finally, himself.

What a terrible agony was on the little Alaskan village that night! There was wailing and weeping enough to drive all the other people in it mad. Did you ever hear an Indian woman wail for the dead? Well, I heard one, up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, once, for three days and three nights. It was terrible.

Civilization teaches us more endurance than the Indian ever heard of. We hold ourselves under such self-control all the time that we pretend not to care when we go through our sorrows. But our hearts break with holding it all in. That's what I think! For when the Indian gets through with his death-wail, they all are glad to forget all about it. *But we never forget.* So in some ways they have the best of it. However, there is a difference in Indians as well as in white people—for Wawona always remembered.

The next day the Metlakatlan stood on the beach,

saying farewell, for he was to go on his way down the Inland Sea. "You will stay with her, Martha," he was saying, "you won't leave her while she lives."

"No, I will stay with her," said Martha, simply.

"She is a wonderful wise woman," he remarked. "But I am so sorry about her eyes. It is a pity she is going blind."

"Yes," agreed Martha, "but she is weeping all the time."

"Weeping?" repeated Onoko's son. "Why is that?"

"She is weeping for her tribe because they will not let fire-water alone—and soon they will all be gone."

"Tell her always that I will live—and my sons and my grandsons. We will keep her history warm. For we are Duncan Indians."

"Oh, yes, she says that that is the best of everything," responded Martha. "I wish I, too, were a Duncan Indian."

"I will send one of my sons up to see you—I will give him the name of Pohomah because of the great love she still bears him in spite of everything," said the Metlakatlan. 'Write to me—when Wawona is gone—and I will send him."

"I will wait," she said. And she watched and saw him go off in the great steamer down the Inland Sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT WAWONA TOLD RED CAP AND ME.

(Now comes my part of the story.)

We had arrived at Wrangel Island, or was it Yass Bay? Never mind, it was Alaska, and little Red Cap and I were very happy. We had rubber boots to wear so that, no matter how wet it might be, we could go on shore and see everything. There were seven school-teachers along on the steamer, the good ship Mexico, and we had a Danish captain. That morning we took our time, so that some of the teachers came back before we got started.

"Did you see that funny freak?" asked one of another, banteringly.

"Yes, it was a kind of a what-is-it, wasn't it?" was the reply.

"I guess so—anyhow, I never saw anything like it before in my life!"

As I was always of an inquiring mind, I began to ask if it were an animal they were talking about.

"Oh, I guess it was an idiot of some kind," the teacher replied. "It was small like a baby, but had white hair like an old person."

So Red Cap and I went on shore to see the sights. We poked around and bought a few things of the brown women we saw, and then we ventured to ask if we could see the small Indian with white hair.

Very kindly directed by these women, at last we came into a large one-room house with a fire built in the center, around which were three old Indian women with black hair sprinkled with silver. We kept asking. At last a very nice, intelligent-looking woman with a very sweet voice came forward and asked us in good English what she could do for us.

When she heard our request, she said, "Oh, it is my mother you wish to see. She is not feeling very well and is asleep—but I will see—she may be awake by now."

She took us into another house like the first and went to a pile of blankets on the floor. To our surprise she turned them over and revealed a small human being no larger than a three-year-old child. She spoke a few words and was answered in the sweetest voice I ever heard in my life. The little being was sitting up and smiling and speaking with the most caressing accents. The hair was soft and silvery white. The eyes were blue with lights in them as one sees in opals.

"My mother says, 'Good evening, White Lady and Little Girl.' She is glad to see you," translated the young Indian woman. Red Cap and I were wonderfully affected. We made proper responses

that we should not be out-distanced in this beautiful courtesy of speech. And then we remarked how well our interpreter spoke English.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I was educated at the Indian School in Sitka, and my name is Martha."

"But you are young, not more than twenty-five years old," I said, doubtfully. "Surely, this old lady cannot be your mother."

She translated this and at once there came the dearest little smile over the face of the little being, and with it the sweetest flow of musical language.

"No, White Lady,' she says there are four mothers between us—that she is my mother—six generations back."

"Ah," I exclaimed, trying to take all this in, "that is more like it."

"She is the oldest one of our tribe, the Thlinkets," resumed Martha, "and is the one who remembers everything. The chiefs come often to see her, for she is called 'Wawona, the Wise.' "

"Why, how old do you think she is?" asked Red Cap, full of kindly interest. In answer Martha told us she did not know in years but only in generations.

"Did she live in the times before there were any white people in this land?" inquired Red Cap, still full of desire to understand more about this remarkable being.

"Oh, yes," replied the young woman, " she says she remembers the first time white men came to

the Indian's country—and there was an Indian woman with them with an Indian baby on her back who was the guide and the interpreter for them—and it was near the great river down in the Sunland where the white peaks stand alone—the place they now call Oregon—where the Seattles live."

"That sounds like the Clark and Lewis Expedition," said I, much puzzled. "But how could your mother know about that, if she is a Thlinket?"

Another translation, and the answer came quickly. "Oh, she, Wawona—she does not belong here—she was born in the Southland—she was stolen from the Seattles and brought up here and married a Thlinket. But she remembers everything."

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Red Cap. "How old do you suppose she really is?"

I thought a moment. The Clark and Lewis Expedition was in 1805. She must have been at least fourteen or fifteen years of age, or possibly even more, to take notice of such an incident. So that it was quite likely she was somewhere near a century in her years of experience in this world. And to keep her faculties so well, to hear and to remember and to be able to converse and speak so beautifully! It was indeed a wonder. But her poor eyes were no longer brown, but blue.

"She is blind," said Martha, gently. "So much smoke all her life was bad. And then when the

Americans come and the men of our tribe all drink the fire-water—and die off—she cry—cry for many years. But not now any more. She say, 'Great Spirit understand.' "

Rep Cap and I were silent. Our hearts filled with sympathy for her. We each took out a coin and asked Martha to get something nice for her that she wanted. Martha placed the silver in her tiny hand and the little wise woman smiled with pleasure and gratitude.

"She say, White Lady, and little White Girl, that she wish good fortune for you in your own land. But that many terrible things will happen to the country very soon."

"What is that?" I asked, much puzzled.

So the tale was told that there would be convulsions of Nature, the earth would be too warm, and the ice-rivers of the North would melt and great icebergs would sail down in the seas to the South. That the towns of the white man would be overwhelmed by flood and by fire, and the earth would crack in great fissures. That there would be wars and famines all over the globe.

"But how can she know this?" I asked.

"There is something like that in the Bible," said Martha with great simplicity.

"Yes," responded Red Cap, " some one must have told her about Judgment Day."

In reply to our question she poured out her confidences rapidly.

"She say, White Lady, that she be told that by the Medicine Man, long, long ago. And he say that the White Man would come and eat up the Red Man, but, after long time, that the Yellow Man would come and eat up the White Man."

Red Cap and I exchanged glances, this sounded so very weird. The little old wise woman spoke as though she were a prophetess.

"She say, 'Great Spirit understands—she not cry any more.' She say for White Lady and Little Girl not to cry—Great Spirit understands."

"Is it not cold for her through the long winters?" I asked, waving my hand against the smoke that floated lazily in a kind of little cloud around me and was touching my eyes unpleasantly.

"Oh, no, she is used to it now—and a kind lady lets her sleep in her kitchen, near the cannery. I carry her there every night to get her out of the smoke. Everybody is good to Wawona," said Martha.

"And would she not like to go down in the ship to Oregon and be with her own people instead of with the Thlinkets?" I asked her in an idle sort of curiosity, not knowing how terrible was a question such as this to the wonderful little woman who sat there before me. Little do we know till afterwards how our inquiries will affect others.

Martha asked her. Suddenly the tears began to flow down the little uplifted face. We turned away in dismay to think we had brought her to this deep emotion. It was not our wish. We should have preferred, rather, to make her smile and be glad.

At last she calmed herself. "She says, White Lady, that she remembers them all—her grandmother, and her mother and her little brothers—but there are none of them left now—no one knows her there now. She is all alone. There is none of her generation—only five or six that have come after her."

"Oh, tell her we are sorry," cried Red Cap, regretfully. "We didn't mean to make her be sad."

"She says she is not sad—that she loves to think of them all. But nobody ever asks her about them and she thanks you for speaking. And she wants you to know about her grandfather who was a great chief in the Southland. He was very mad when she was born, because she was not a son, but a daughter, and he threatened to kill her because it said in the stars that she would be greater and remembered longer than he would, and that she would make him be remembered longer than any son could, for she would know many generations after he was dead and gone."

"Why, the old villain!" I exclaimed, "to want to kill a girl baby!"

"And she wants you to know that it has all come true and that is why she lives so long—it is to carry out the prophecy." And there was a smile of triumph on the small face.

'Well, he was a horrid old grandfather," said Red Cap, indignantly. "I hate him. He wasn't a bit like my grandpa, for he always said he loved his granddaughters better than he did his grandsons. But I guess he loved them all just the same."

Wawona smiled. "She says, White Lady, that that is the right way—just the same."

Martha told us there was a kind lady there who let Wawona sleep in her kitchen at night, and she prepared to carry here there. "Everybody is Wawona's friend," she said with pride and dignity.

We heard the whistle of the steamer piercing the air as a warning for all to hasten on board. So we took a hurried farewell of the remarkable Indian woman whom we had been so fortunate to meet. Her dignity, her graciousness, were those of a queen, and her warm-heartedness gave life to others.

As we passed up the straits of the Inland Sea, we waved a farewell to the shores, full of pleasant memories, over our chance meeting with Wawona, the Wise.

(Did we ever see her again? And what became of the Masterpiece? That will come later. Have patience for another moment.)

We went to Sitka, and from there to the Muir Glacier, and we were carried by men from the boats through the waves to the shore, so we could go up and walk on the glacier. Afterwards, our good Captain of the Mexico sailed his ship right up in the face of the terrible ice-cliffs of the frozen river as it came down into the sea. What a fearful sight that was!

I can see Red Cap now, with a foxskin wound about her head, and held under her chin, and a blanket drawn about her, with her big dark eyes watching the whole performance. Four hundred feet of blue-green ice above the water, and twice as much below or thereabouts, made a terrific wall to shed cold from, upon us. It was as cold as death. Then every once in a while there would be a grinding scrunch like the end of the world about to happen, and a great piece of the cliff would be torn off below and come up to the surface like a blue-green whale or other sportive monster, and it would turn and turn over and over till it broke in the middle, and then the two pieces would continue to turn over in the same way until it got its balance and swam on the top. And what terrible waves would shake that bay of wonders as the result of all this commotion! And great masses of thirty tons' weight would fall off from the tops of the cliffs and go crashing into the sea with booming sounds like cannons roaring in a battle.

The seven school-teachers got in a panic, and implored the Captain to leave the awful place, for it seemed the steamer would be crushed in the fearful crashing from below and from above.

So we sailed away through a sea of icebergs. Red Cap came and urged me to get up from my berth and take one more look at the wonders of the floating icebergs all around us. But I was exhausted, and said: "Not if they were diamonds and pearls, and I could have them for the asking! I prefer sleep to any more marvels, for it is more than Nature can stand."

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT BECAME OF THE MASTERPIECE.

It was in 1901, nearly ten years after this, that Red Cap and I were living in London, and having a very happy time. We were at a reception where were many Hindoos and East Indians, in gorgeous turbans and gold-embroidered robes. Red Cap was now a young lady, in a white satin gown, with her blue-black hair piled on top of her head, and wearing a coral necklace and ornaments, as well became her. She had just finished singing one of her folk-lore songs, and many gathered around to congratulate her.

Among these, we were introduced to a lady who had just come from Alaska.

At once the memory of that wonderful country overwhelmed us so, we forgot the programme and all the splendors of the scene about us. Even the tinkling of the sitars and the sweetness of the Oriental music only made a sort of accompaniment to our thought of the far-away land.

"Did you know?" asked the lady traveler. "Why, there has been the most awful earthquake up in Alaska, and it has destroyed the bay where the Muir

Glacier had its cliffs, so completely, and so filled it up with debris and moraine, that never again will a ship be able to sail up into it, as before! That is, not unless another shake comes and clears it up again."

"What? Already?" exclaimed Red Cap.

"Already?" repeated the traveler. "Why, were you expecting such a thing?"

We looked at each other. No doubt, it did sound strange to make such a remark.

So I told her of the wonderful old Wise Woman we had met in Alaska, and how she had prophesied that some such convulsion as this would come to pass.

"Yaas Bay? Wrangel Island? Why, that is where I live! You must mean Wawona, the Wise Little Old Six Mothers, as her tribe called her."

"Yes," said Red Cap. "Tell us about her. Was it you who let her sleep in your kitchen to get her poor eyes out of the smoke? And how is she? And Martha, too?"

The lady from Yaas Bay laughed.

"It is a long story, but a beautiful one. How much do you know?"

So we told her. And then she explained to us all we did not know—all about the Masterpiece, and Pohomah, and the coming of the man from Metlakatla, and the terrible tragedy by which the chief

had killed his own son, and thus left only Martha to care for Wawona in her last days.

"We saw Martha, and liked her very much," said Red Cap. "And she was faithful to the poor little Old Six-Mothers, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was; and that is why I am here now in London. It is on Martha's account."

"What! Is there more to the story?" exclaimed the young girl, in delight.

"Yes; the Man from Metlakatla sent his son up to visit them, that he might also know this wonderful woman of his tribe away back in generations, and to learn from her the wisdom she could give. And he and Martha fell in love with each other, and were married at the little Presbyterian church there. Now, they have a remarkable little son who is wise beyond his years. Already the men ask advice of the child before starting upon their undertakings. But he will not speak to any one who has anything to do with fire-water, and they, many of them, are learning to let it alone."

"Oh, I am glad to think that she has a descendant like this; it must make her very happy," I said, thinking of the eyes that had wept for years because the hearts of the women were breaking.

"Little Onoko belongs to the seventh generation," spoke the traveler, gravely.

"Oh," we exclaimed together, in pity, remember-

ing the title Wawona had borne of "Little Six-Mothers," "then she is—gone?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"One morning I heard the death-wail, and hurried to my kitchen to find Martha there, and Pohomah the Younger, her husband, and with all the Thlinkets gathered around, and Martha was holding the childlike form of the "Little Mother of Six Generations" in her arms. There was a smile upon her face, which was smooth with peace and contentment. The men and women were weeping for her, but I bade them not to grieve, for she was happy with her own tribe at last."

We sat there, full of memories of that strange land of Alaska. Meanwhile, the sitars of the East Indians were making wonderful music, and the gorgeous costumes bedazzled our eyes, yet all we could think of was the majesty and wonderful influence of this native Indian woman whose heart was akin to our hearts and whose life was so beautiful and good.

The Grasshopper Girl and her mother had passed like dark shadows in the night, but Wawona, the faithful, the provident, the far-influencing, had set her mark, at last upon a new tribe that was to spring into existence and be a saving grace to her race. The Great Spirit had indeed understood her prayer, and now it was being answered after she had finally passed from earth. Her words, her influence, her

greatness of mind, had brought together the best of her descendants, and made them one in thought for the fulfilling of this great purpose and desire of her heart.

"And this is not all," said our new-found friend. "I have since learned that one of her descendants through the Onoko who was compelled to return to the Seattles, is a refined and beautiful woman, the wife of one of the ex-Governors of Oregon. And others of her line are expert electricians and clever business men, and nobody knows there is a drop of Indian in them. They have become absorbed in the great American race."

"Oh, I am glad," said Red Cap, clapping her hands. "Wawona was always a 'True-Blue,' and it ought to come out somewhere. I am glad we have some of her left."

"But how does all this bring you to London?" I asked.

"Well, we thought it a shame for Wawona's Masterpiece to be sold to some ordinary person who could not appreciate its story. True, we are selling it to give little Onoko a good education, so that he can become a teacher to his people; but I wanted the work of Wawona's heart to be preserved in some place where it would be seen of the finest and the best. It is the record of a woman's life in every thread of it."

"And so you are going to find a purchaser for it

here," I said, "in London, the center of the civilized world?"

"Yes," she replied, with a brilliant smile illuminating her fair blue eyes with sunshine. "But even the great British Museum was not good enough to me to have the keeping of that precious thing. I have had to see ambassadors and call upon influence enough to start a new navy almost, but at last my desires are accomplished—yes, it is going into a palace—into the possession of a queen."

"What?" exclaimed Red Cap, eagerly. "Not to——"

"Yes; the work of Wawona's heart and hand, telling the story of her sorrows, her triumphs and her achievements, is going to the fairest queen in the world—Alexandra of Great Britain. She has a true woman's heart, and feels for the sorrows of others, even though she be a queen, and she alone is worthy to possess the Masterpiece."

What is it? You want to know if I saw it?

Yes; we went that next day, and beheld the celebrated Indian blanket, made by Wawona's hands, and it was wonderful and remarkable enough to be given as a gift to a queen. Think of it! No wonder they danced the night of her birth and rejoiced over her coming, for she has indeed kept history warm.

(What is that, little new cousin? You want to know if I too am a Sunset Grandmother, because I

can tell so many stories? And if the crazy quilt I am making is to be like the blanket Wawona made, and to teach history, too? Oh, you are a bright little chap for your years! How did you know? Come here, and I will show you a piece of your mother's wedding-dress in one of my squares. How beautiful she was that day, and your father, too, was so young, and so handsome, and so happy! You must always love your mother, and be good to her to your last day, if you want to have a happy life.

But it is late. Night is spreading her comforting dark wing all over the world. I will speak to you as Wawona did to her children when she finished her stories: "Good night, my little pigeons. Be happy while you are young and free from care! So tuck your heads under your wings and go to sleep.")

THE END.

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